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W. R. HEARST.
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

In 1796 the Democracy entered upon its first national campaign under Thomas Jefferson, and was beaten.

In 1896, just one hundred years later, the Democracy of Jefferson had a new birth, and in the first appeal of this regenerated party to the people it lost.

In 1800 the original Democracy fought its second national contest and won.

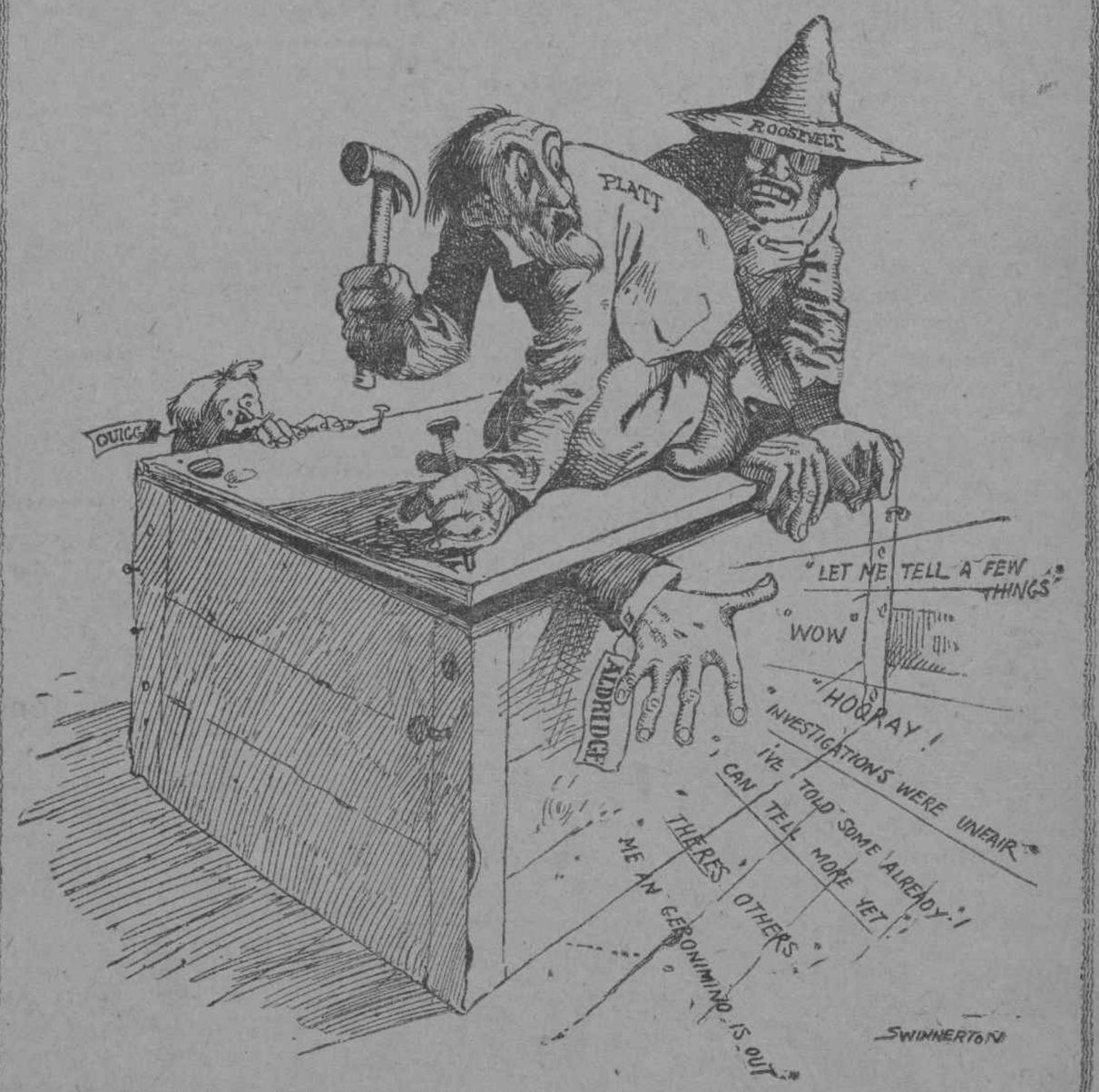
In 1900 the new Democracy will undertake its second national contest and will win. The cycle is complete and history is gloriously repeating itself.

In 1896 the Democratic party, although still maintaining the ancient traditions of the founders of American liberty, was breaking new ground and presenting new issues for the judgment of the nation. In all our history no new party has ever won its first national campaign. It took the Whigs eight years to elect Harrison. The Free Soilers, struggling feebly for a dozen years, finally grew into the Republican party, but it was six years after that before they could elect a President.

No new party has ever developed the strength in its first year that the New Democracy displayed in 1896. The Republican party in the Fremont campaign polled 33 per cent of the total vote, and exulted in its youthful vigor. Two years ago Bryan had 45 per cent of the total vote. He received a million more votes than were ever cast for a candidate, even a successful one, before.

The New Democracy cast over 6,500,000 votes in its first campaign, and it needed only 300,000 more to win. It would have won then but for the panic artfully spread by the great bank accounts among the little pocketbooks. It has been gaining steadily ever since. Last year it had already become a majority, as the elections of 1897 in New York, Iowa, Kentucky, Nebraska, Ohio and Virginia clearly proved. It was still stronger on the outbreak of the Spanish war, when the nation was ready to rise in wrath against the shuffling policy of the McKinley Administration. Now the revolt is full grown. Next Tuesday the nation will pronounce the judgment for which it has been steadily preparing these two years. The judgment will be final, and its meaning will be that William McKinley will be succeeded by a Democrat.

A DESPERATE CASE.



"Choke him off, boys, for the love of Heaven—somebody's coming this way."

Not for New York Alone.

New York is a great State, a grand State, a State with imperial interests and imperial politics, but still there are greater things than New York. This commonwealth is part of the United States of America, Oceanica and Asia. The Democratic party of New York is part of the Democracy of the nation. The Republican party of Platt, Quigg, Black, Aldridge and Roosevelt is part of the Republican party of the McKinley brothers, Hanna, Quay and Alger.

There are reasons enough in State issues for a Democratic victory, but the triumph here will be broader than that. The people of New York will not vote for or against the Democratic ticket because they like or dislike this or that local Democratic leader or policy. New York will take its part, as it always does, in the great sweep of national politics. The tides of sentiment that surge over the continent are felt in their fullest force in this State.

New York was swindled, with the rest of the Eastern States, in the confidence game of 1896. It has been repenting its folly ever since and watching for a chance to undo it. The same feelings prevail among its fellow victims. If a Presidential election were to be held to-morrow Mr. McKinley would not receive 150 electoral votes.

The effects on New Yorkers of the canal steals, the Raines law, the Force bill and Platt's control of legislation at Albany are ripples on the crest of the national Democratic tidal wave. They all count, but the wave would submerge whatever came in its way if they were not there.

SPAIN ALWAYS REJECTS the terms of peace she can get at the moment and expresses her willingness to accept those she could have had some months before. She ought to make a desperate effort to catch up with the procession. If she could once get into modern history she might stand a fair chance of saving something.

THE SOLDIERS HAVE THEIR SAY.

The election has begun. The Twenty-second Regiment voted yesterday, and it is believed that it expressed its opinion of some kinds of military heroes by giving a majority of about 400 for Van Wyck. That is the first expression of soldier sentiment, and doubtless it is a fair sample of the action that will be taken by the rest of the volunteers whenever they get a chance to vote.

The effort of the Republican party to copyright this war has proved a melancholy failure. Republicans unfortunately had the opportunity to mismanage the war, but American soldiers and sailors did the fighting. They will also, it appears, do a little voting.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

Our radical Republican contemporary, the Press, offers these pertinent editorial remarks on the candidacy of the press gagger, Ellsworth, for the Senate:

It will be most extraordinary if Ellsworth, the Platt tool for the suppression of free speech in the public prints, is re-elected Senator. He is fit to represent in the Legislature only the class of politician who hopes to escape punishment for his misdeeds by making it illegal to enlighten the public concerning them. So desperate are the chances of his election that Ellsworth and those who are behind his plot to muzzle the press are spending money like water in his district. By the results of the Ellsworth canvass we shall see whether the public thinks it is its business to keep informed of the records of its servants or whether it does not care what an official does to disgrace representative government and free institutions.

In its dispatches from Lockport the Press asserts that "although the Forty-fifth Senate District is normally about 3,000 Republican, Senator Ellsworth and his friends are face to face with the realization that his defeat is almost a certainty."

To make that "almost" an absolute certainty all that is needed is for the people of Niagara to appreciate the disgrace they suffer in being represented by a person whose performances nauseate his own party organs. It makes no difference whether the Republican majority in the Forty-fifth be three thousand or ten thousand. Ellsworth is not primarily a Republican; he is a plain nuisance, and he should experience a non-partisan abatement.

VOTE FOR DEMOCRATS FOR CONGRESS.

The control of the next House of Representatives will be a matter of the gravest moment to the great political parties struggling for domination in the United States.

No less an issue than the Presidential election of 1900 may hang upon it.

A Democratic House will force a searching and sincere investigation into Algerism and its attendant abuses. It will kill all legislation for the further intrenchment of the money power, and the buttressing of trusts and monopolies.

A Republican House will lay on heavier the coat of whitewash under which the evils of Algerism are already being concealed. It will legislate for the enrichment of the trusts, expecting liberal returns when campaign funds are to be raised in 1900. It will exert every endeavor to push to enactment the McCleary bill, which is designed to force the small county and town banks out of existence, and create a trust of financial institutions—a veritable trust of trusts, with a menacing political appendage.

In the face of dangers such as are to be apprehended from a Republican House of Representatives, no slight disagreement on this or that national issue should lead any Democrat to refuse his support to his party's nominee for Congress. Every Congressman on the Democratic ticket should be elected.

CHEESE PARING IN QUEENS.

It is intimated that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has decided to cut down the appropriation for free lectures in the Borough of Queens from the $12,500 requested to $1,000. This paltry economy, if carried out, will deprive at least forty thousand people of a means of mental improvement on which they have learned to depend. It will shut out the new horizons that have been broadening before them and check the intellectual growth now hopefully begun. It is hard to imagine any direction in which $11,000 could be saved at greater cost than here. If the Board realized the full meaning of its action it would double the lecture appropriation instead of whittling it to nothing. It is not too late yet to correct its mistake.

GOVERNOR TANNER, OF ILLINOIS, says that if any attempt is made to bring a mob of foreigners into that State he will meet the train at the border and shoot it to pieces with Gatling guns.

Foreigners? Do we understand that Governor Tanner holds that Alabama was successful in its attempt to secede from the Union.

GEO. DEWEY, AMERICAN, AS HE REALLY IS. BY A JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT.

DOUGLAS WHITE, the Journal's special correspondent who has just returned from Manila, describes the manner of man Admiral Dewey is. It is a comprehensive study of the most admirable character produced by the war. The qualities that make him great are graphically pictured. This striking pen picture has the merit of being done by an expert at close range.

DEWEY'S commanding personality is one of the first things that impress the visitor when he meets the "Hero of Manila." One ceases to wonder at the brilliancy of his victory and takes it for granted that such a man would win against any odds. It is the same with the officers and men of his fleet. They look upon him as a leader to be followed implicitly, and their admiration is mingled with a strong affection which would cause them to follow him to the bottom of the sea.

One day I found him in his favorite chair on the Olympia's quarterdeck with a basketful of letters teeming with praise from the highest of our people. Selecting one in a plain, old-fashioned envelope, bearing the stamp of a New England office, he read the words of honest congratulation from an old school friend whom forty years had separated from the Admiral. It was a simple little tribute, written not to the great victor, but to the old schoolmate and friend of other days. As he read a waver in his voice and his moistened eyes told of another phase in the character of the commander to whom the boom of cannon might be supposed to be the sweetest music.

With the exception of the German fleet, there was the greatest admiration for Dewey on every neutral ship of the many which gathered at Manila. I do not think that the English tars loved him one whit less than did his own men. This same feeling might have inspired the Germans had it not been that they came there to bulldoze their way into some semblance of control over Manila. That they did not succeed the world knows.

These Germans made several attempts to pass the blockade without the formality of their ships being boarded by Dewey's officers. All in vain. They were repeatedly "held up" and required to pass the same ordeal as the vessels of other powers. At last Admiral Diedrich sent his flag lieutenant to Dewey with a demand that German ships be allowed to pass without reporting to the American fleet. This demand was answered by a firm negative, and the next question of the German officer brought forth a shower of pyrotechnics from Dewey.

"What will you do if we should attempt to pass without reporting?" queried the representative of the Kaiser.

"What would I do, sir? Why, sir, I would treat you as I would any other ship that was trying to run my blockade. Go back to your admiral and tell him, with my compliments, that I am master of this harbor, and that any ship attempting such an act will be treated as a blockade runner and fired upon."

"But," said the German, "are you aware what such an act would lead to?"

This was too much for Dewey, and with many dots and dashes here omitted he replied:

"Yes, sir; I am aware that it would lead to war, and war right here. You may add to my message to your admiral that I am prepared for war, and that if he wants war he can have it. Good day, sir."

Only once did I hear from Admiral Dewey any of the details of the battle of Manila. This was when I carried to him the report of the discoveries made by the Journal divers who had investigated the condition of the sunken ships. He then for a short time lived over again those hours of battle.

"I can readily understand the dreadful destruction which the divers have found in the various ships," said he, "for the effect of our fire was evident after every broadside. When the eight-inch shell which ended the career of the Reina Cristina struck that unfortunate ship we could see from the bridge that she had been vitally damaged. First she reeled and then came the explosion which seemed to rend her in every part, followed by a fire which made abandonment necessary. I saw Montojo as he transferred his flag, and we at once turned our attention to the Castilla. She was stubborn, but we knew that her time was short. Running in to just a few hundred yards in the wake of our present anchorage, we opened a steady fire upon her. This she returned with all of her guns which could be brought into action. As each broadside belched from her sides I waited for the result, certainly expecting that some of her shells would find their mark. Had it not been that I could hear the shells shrieking and crashing as they passed overhead, I should certainly have supposed that they were firing blank charges. Soon she began to settle, and then I ordered the fleet back to the open bay.

"It seems to me that in this fight, as well as in the fight at Santiago, there was some special Providence watching over our ships and men, otherwise the Spaniards must have done them more damage. As far as this fleet is concerned, I feel that way, and I have a thought of thanksgiving every time my mind turns to what was accomplished here without loss of life among the entire squadron."

THE SOTHERNS IN A NEW PLAY. "A COLONIAL GIRL." REVIEWED BY ALAN DALE.

TWO loving young hearts, temporarily separated by a vengeful lady in black, palpitate through the "costumed" vistas of "A Colonial Girl," the "new play of old New York," by Grace Livingston Furniss and Abby Sage Richardson, produced at the Lyceum theatre last night. When I add that E. H. Sothern owned the masculine loving heart, while the feminine one rested in the bosom of Virginia Harned, methinks that the casual reader will instantly get some idea of what to expect.

"A Colonial Girl" is, of course, a romance—one of those pretty plays in which imaginary heroism and imaginary poetry are eked by the costumer, and a whole array of costumes of the 1776 brand—one of those plays in which the hero is the acme of perfection, and the heroine the incarnated divinity of sex. And the two move charmingly around, full of griefs that a few words (never spoken) could end long before it was time to go home, and of agonies that every well-regulated audience will sympathize with. In plays like "A Colonial Girl" a husband is deeply in love with his wife, but he always imparts that information to everybody but to her, and the wife is wildly enamoured of her husband, but prefers to make him jealous, and vex his soul. And hence difficulties—difficulties dear to these romantic dramas—good, old difficulties that we take as readily as milk and bread—difficulties that we see through instantly, and like just the same, having been brought up on them.

Godfrey Remsen, the "young American," returns from London one fine day to find that his old love Judith is married. He discovers that as soon as he enters—before he has unpacked his trunk, or changed his clothes. Naturally he is very much put out, and a few moments later a charming young girl called Mollie Heddin is blown in. This takes place in New York in 1776, so possibly there was some excuse for Mollie's belief that Godfrey's house was a well-known tavern. He, with pique in his heart, immediately starts in to woo her, she believing that he is connected with the inn. The result is an instant marriage. Godfrey, back from Europe about thirty minutes, finds himself the wedded husband of a strange young girl. Of course that is what we call "romance," and we immediately proceed to say "Isn't it pretty?" Everything that outrages real life is naturally pretty, because real life isn't.

The first act, however, is not brought to a close upon the marriage. Judith, the vengeful lady, steps forward, whispers a few cruel words into Mollie's fearfully ready ear, the newly made wife cries out to her newly made husband: "How could you? Don't touch me!" and your drama is started. Again you say, "How pretty!" because you know that nothing like it could possibly happen at One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Third avenue.

The play continues. They live apart, but together, in "The Ironmaster" style. Her heart is breaking, but she would be unhappy if it were not. He is filled with love of her, but he doesn't tell her so. He gives that information to Judith, the black lady. Her husband, Sir Henry Danvers, is dead, and she is quite free to taunt poor Godfrey and affront silly little Mollie. She finds one of those very convenient letters—which well-regulated people in well-regulated dramas always drop about the stage. This letter is from George Washington to Godfrey Remsen, and it proves that Remsen is that horrid reptile, a rebel. The vengeful lady, with a "Ha! Ha! Now I'll get even" manner, contrives a dastardly revenge. She addresses the letter to a British officer, tells Mollie that it is an answer to a proposal that the British officer has made to her, and begs her to deliver it.

Of course, she does this. The latter bears immediate and terrific results. Godfrey is listening—ha! ha!—on the remarkable staircase of the remarkable Godfrey mansion, and comes forward to confront his wife with treachery. She has given him away! This is a very "stirring" scene, but still you are tempted to say again "How pretty!" because it is so delightfully theatre-y—just the sort of thing you expect at the playhouse, the mission of which is to plunge you into "romance" and deaden the atrocities of real life. Godfrey and Mollie, married so unconventionally, and falling in love afterward so conventionally, please you nevertheless, and as they are all costumed in the most pictorial garbs ever imagined by 1776, your eye joins the other senses and also cries "How pretty!"

"A Colonial Girl" is pretty all the way through. Even the comedy kittens—and the male kitten is dreadfully plump—wrest from you that persistent exclamation, and sometimes it is just as well to revel in pretty nonsense, when it is well put forward and artistically served.

At any rate this play serves Mr. Sothern's purpose and displays his company to excellent advantage. Matinee girls may object to the fact that his "proposal" to Mollie after she blew in was conducted behind the scenes. You and I, relentless theatregoers, felt rather pleased, because we knew what he would say and how he would say it. Sothern had other opportunities to do his specialties, and he did them. He was at his best in the scene where he listened on the stage and apparently found that poor Mollie was a traitress. This was an excellent piece of acting. Sothern in a rage is, to my mind, preferable to Sothern purring—but that, of course, is a matter of taste.

Miss Harned has never done anything better than Mollie Heddin. The real ring of genuine pathos chimed through her tones, and you sympathized with the silly little wife far more that the silly little wife deserved. In fact, Mollie had more of the "sympathy of the audience" that was accorded to Godfrey. Somehow or other even a matinee girl loses patience with a hero who loves one woman and doesn't tell her so, and hates another whom he allows to wreck general happiness. Miss Harned is undoubtedly the main retraction of "A Colonial Girl."

But the company rose superior to the play throughout. The company was flesh and blood, and the play was pap. Miss Eleanor Moretti, as the vengeful lady, distinguished herself in a most signal manner. She was a vengeful lady to whom it was a pleasure to listen, and although she stalked through Godfrey's house in an impossible manner, at impossible times, you liked her, and felt interested in her. Rebecca Warren as a comedy kitten was far sprightlier than the part she played, which was dragged in irrelevantly for the purpose of "lightening up" a play that didn't need being lightened up.

Morton Selten was the other comedy kitten—the plump one. I don't know if he felt absurd—probably he didn't—but he looked it. I can't believe that even in 1776 stout gentleman, with more than a chin, frivolled about with ladies to whom they had been clandestinely married, and rootsy-wootsied fatly. Mr. Selten must bant himself for these roles, if he insists upon playing them.

C. P. Flockton, as an English "official," played a small part acceptably; Mr. Buckstone made the most of a bluff "Egad, sir!" sort of part, and Owen Fawcett, as an old servant, was not found wanting, all the gentlemen wore bright and attractive clothes, and—when you come to think of it—it is much easier to indulge in the romance of the stage when people are not confined in buckram collars and "evening dress."

"A Colonial Girl" will fill out the remainder of Mr. Sothern's engagement happily enough. People will go to see it and will say, "How pretty!" And you really don't know how much genuine consolation there is in that exclamation. It covers up a great deal; it disarms criticism, and it is a balm that heals the otherwise wound of many a box-office.

ALAN DALE.

NATURALLY.

"She has such liquid tones," said the young man.

"How appropriate!" said the young woman. "Her talk drowns every other sound."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LEITER, ALSO AMERICAN. AS HE THINKS OF WHEAT BY HIMSELF.

JOSEPH LEITER contributes to the November Cosmopolitan an interesting paper on "Wheat and Its Distribution." Aside from its importance as the opinion of an expert, it has a unique value in being the practical experience of a gambler who lost $5,000,000 in trying to corner the wheat product of the world. Mr. Leiter has nothing to say about the deal that made him famous, but he has much to say on the subject of the proper grading of wheat, the rates charged by warehouses, and improved methods of inspection.

IT was the original intention of the framers of the laws regulating warehouses and warehousemen that, upon inspection at the duly designated point, the grain shipped by the farmer or the country purchaser should receive its proper grade, so that a value might be put upon it, and that then it would become a portion of the general store of that quality of grain under the trusteeship of the warehouseman, who was accountable, under the State law, for the delivery of the same grade of wheat which was put into his house. For export or for sale in the other markets of this country, however, the contract grades rapidly became the only ones considered. Grades above contract were seldom heard of, as they were invariably used by the warehousemen to bring the grades of the poorer qualities, by mixture, up to the standard.

"There was no premium extended to the farmer for improving the quality of his product, as the extra price which he could get for a heavier and finer article was the lowest price which the proprietor of the mixing-house could afford to allow him without having his grain go to the proprietor of some other mixing house. There were several attempts made to regulate this practice by prohibiting the owners of public warehouses from trading in grain, and also by restricting, through the acts of the chambers of commerce, those grades deliverable upon contract. These were all found to be abortive, inasmuch as the warehousemen avoided them with impunity, mainly through the organization of separate companies to do those acts which, for them, were illegal.

"The farmer thus suffered as the owner of the mixing-house prospered. There is no doubt that he had received great advantages from the broad extension of the system at the time when it was most necessary to him. There is no doubt that the business of transporting and transferring grain was greatly cheapened by the consolidation of those companies. The benefits, in fact, were many, but whether the benefits were equal to the present disadvantages, which seem to be rather increasing than lessening, is a question that time alone can tell.

"In a number of instances there are elevator companies which, with considerable systems of railway, operate in conjunction with milling companies. In some others the elevator companies themselves have gone directly into the exporting business, through their own agents, manufacturing the grades which would pass the rules of inspection in the different markets to which they are shipped, instead of leaving them to be put into deliverable form by the exporters themselves.

"As a peculiar result of this, in New York there are now two classifications of grade—one for the delivery on the New York Produce Exchange and the other for export. So that under the same name two distinctly different grades of grain may be seen.

"Financially, this consolidation has tended to bring the loaning of the necessary money for the conduct of the business into the great public money markets of the world away from the local institutions which were at first benefited. This tended to lower the interest rate and liberate the local money formerly used for this purpose for other industries. It has been a benefit to the larger banker and to the loaner of money in giving them another avenue for the conduct of their business, but has been a distinct disadvantage to the local capitalist in that it has compelled him to meet, with his small capital and his necessarily greater coefficient of expense, the rates thus made for a business done on a large scale.

"As to whether the system in its present state is of advantage or disadvantage to the agricultural community, there can be many things said for and against. Without the present system of elevators, with the business carried on as it was before their inception, there can be no doubt that a community would be much worse off. As to whether the present system is for the best interests of the farming community, I should answer most emphatically, no. There is much that could be done by proper regulation of the conduct of the business which would redound to the benefit of the farmer. The result could be accomplished without seriously interfering with the elevator interests of the country.

"I believe that legislation which tended to improve, rather than to put at a discount, the efforts of the agricultural community toward the higher standard of excellence in production would benefit not only the farmers, but also the elevator interests from the increased markets which would be given them, with the different varieties which would of necessity have to be established.—Joseph Leiter."